I runne before King Harries victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-spurre and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? my office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-spurs sword,
And that the King before the Douglas rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,
When Hot-spurs father old Northumberland
Lies crafty sicke, the postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
They bring smooth comforts false, worse then true wrongs.

exit Rumours.

Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.

Bard. Who keepes the gate here ho? where is the Earle?

Porter What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earle,
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Porter His Lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,
Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himselfe will answer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*

Bard. Here comes the Earle.

Earle. What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
Should be the father of some Stratagem,
The times are wild, contention like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

Bard. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Earle Good, and God will.

Bard.